

# AEQUANIMITAS

## PROFESSIONAL VENERY

One of the many things I like about the Shorter Oxford Dictionary is that the changes in the meaning of English words are reflected and Shakespeare's use of a term is often revealed as quite different from our own. The word venery is a case in point. In 1486, when the Book of St. Albans was printed, venery was applied to hunting and the unknown author provided 164 examples of collective nouns descriptive of the beasts—gaggle of geese, schools of fishes, skulk of foxes, pride of lions etc. Alas, venery has now the aura of depravity and Venus has replaced Diana as the patroness of the cult.

This bit of non-essential information was recalled when I heard Irving R. Merrill, Ph.D., the communications expert from California, speak at the P.M.A.C. luncheon at the Annual Meeting of the C.M.A. in June under the title "A Diligence of Messengers". To me, he was somewhat more intelligible than Marshall McLuhan and at one point he flashed a slide listing some good examples of collective terminology. A Rash of Dermatologists and a Pile of Proctologists tickled my fancy, as did one added by our President as he reached back to his intern days to produce a Cuddle of Nurses.

It takes very little to arouse a new interest in me, but I did manage to get a copy of James Lipton's "An Exaltation of Larks" before undertaking to produce a selection of home-made examples for your consideration.

I have many contacts with the people who work in organized medicine, so a Pride of Presidents, a Convention of Secretaries, a Garble of Editors, a Roster of Registrars, an Archive of Historians, an Aggregation of Affiliates, a Clutch of Committees, a Confluence of Councils, a Scatter of Statisticians, a Consortium of Economists, an Estimate of Accountants, a Clatter of Typists, a Jury of Journalists and a Plethora of Politicians come readily to mind.

However, we must remember that the profession is broadly based and we need a Den of Deans, a Tumult of Teachers, a Locus of Lecturers, a Flock of Fellows, a Resurgence of Researchers, a Residue of Residents, and an Infusion of Interns as well as an Upswell of Undergraduates.

To run our hospitals we require an Army of Administrators as well as a Budget of Beds and, on the professional side, a Body of Pathologists, a Bevy of Bacteriologists, a Huddle of Hematologists, a Concordance of Chemists, A Rubric of Radiologists and a Teeming of Technologists of all kinds.

In the clinical fields we recognize a Contact of G.P.'s, a Congestion of Allergists, a Colloquy of Cardiologists, a Bolus of Gastroenterologists, a Galaxy of Geriatricians, a Gamut of Gynecologists, an Ingathering of Internists, a Nest of Neurologists, a Paucity of Obstetricians, a Vista of Ophthalmolo-

gists, a Caste of Orthopods, an Audition of Otolaryngologists, a Pastorate of Pediatricians, a Patter of Psychiatrists, A Spondyl of Rheumatologists, a Surfeit of Surgeons and a Flood of Urologists.

Backing us up we have a Bevy of Biologists, a Miasma of Epidemiologists, a Consensus of Ecologists, a Locus of Librarians, a Phalanx of Pharmacologists, a Symposium of Sanitarians, a Shoal of Scientists and shortly, I'm afraid, an Army of Abortionists and a Covey of Computers.

I find all this very exhausting, but any number can play and I'll be glad to have your improvements and additions in the Vocabulary of Venery.

A.D.K.

## MEDIVERSE

It's the end of our love affair.

You deceived me . . . how inviting you looked—  
innocent and  
tactile in your colourful cage, wanting to be  
devoured . . .

I grew to rely on your companionship in the late  
night . . .

your gentle encouragement in the early morning . . .  
you'd

rush around with me all day long and then be ever  
so

sociable at night—indeed, you were my most constant friend!

But oh—you were deceitful . . . spent my money,  
spoiled my

health, assailed my self-respect—I was really hung  
up on you!

Sometimes to prove I was still in control I'd go  
out and

leave you home . . . But you'd always turn up somewhere . . . a shop,

a bar—or even with one of my friends. I admit I  
was always

glad to see you . . .

But it's over now—yes, our love affair has ended.  
There's

no other way to control you; I must insist that you  
leave.

Though sometimes pangs of nostalgia creep in when  
I see you

with my friends, I know I'm better off without  
you . . .

Now I just gaze sadly as you dance in *their* fingers  
and your

excrement swirls through *their* lungs and seeps from  
*their* lips.

Farewell little mistress—you will never seduce me  
again!

C.K.S.